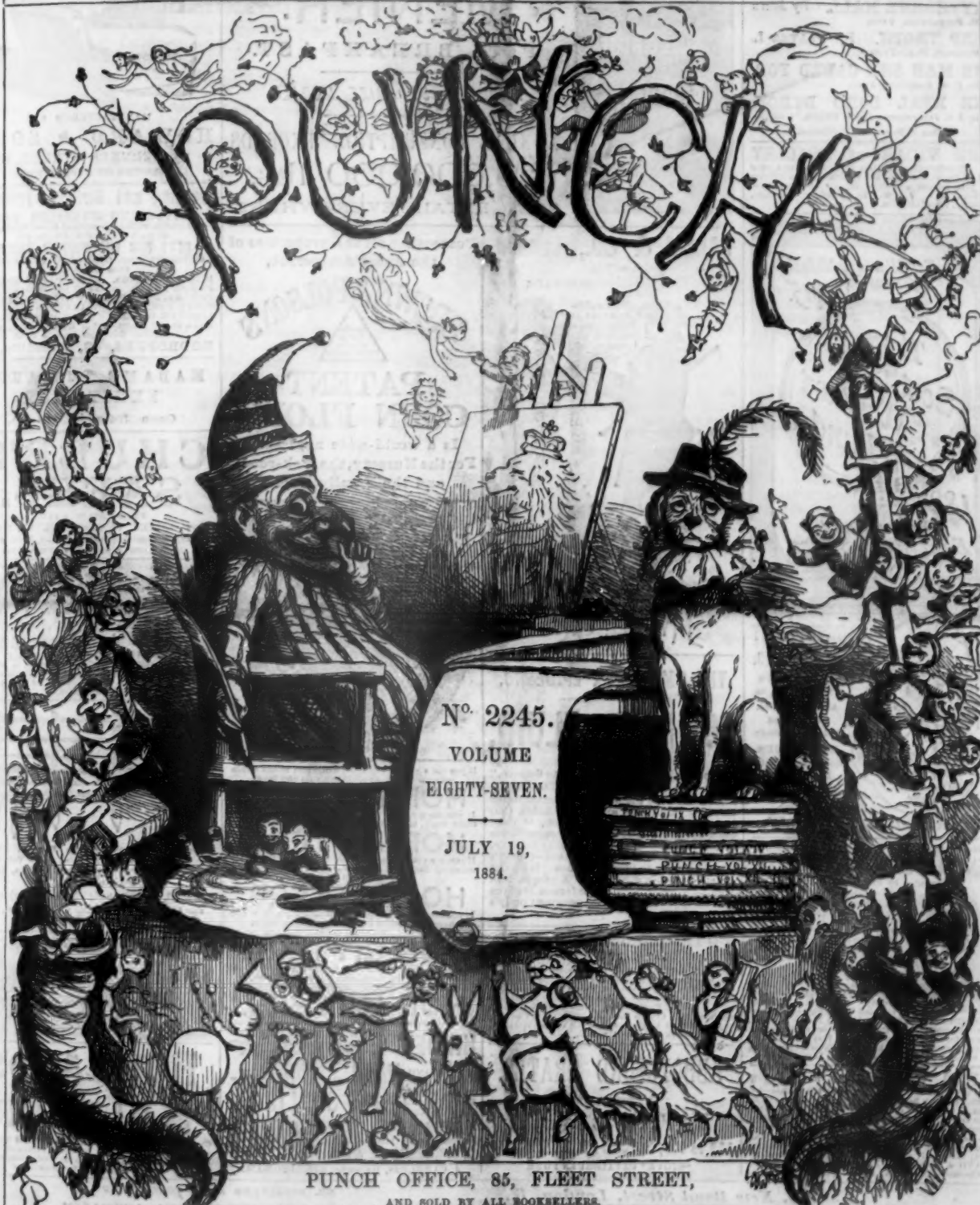


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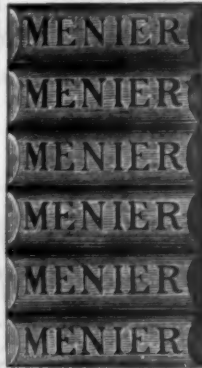
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DEAR VANITY.—I will begin my letter this week by singing the praises of a medicine which has the valuable property of curing what all the world is suffering from at this season more or less—namely, a cold in the head. It is called "Glykoline," three drops of which taken at intervals of an hour will infallibly do away with the most obstinate of colds.—"Talon Bazaar," Vauxhall, Paris, March 17, 1877. **GLYKOLINE**, prepared by LEATH & BROS., 5, St. Paul's, and 5, Vaux St., W. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 6d.; post, 1s. 6d. and 2s.

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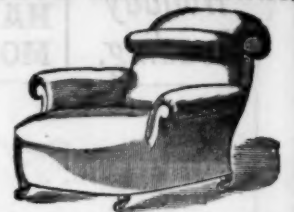
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DOGGEREL ON THE DIRTY ONE,

With a Word of Warning to all whom it may concern.

O SILVER Thames, in the summer season your stream is a thing of beauty!
To maintain that doctrine against all comers is of course every Briton's duty.
Which more by token they've been playing cricket in its dry-drawn bed at Twickenham,
And dreamy wanderers on its banks at Woolwich will encounter odours that must sicken 'em.
At Richmond they've hardly any water at all, at Shadwell it's a Stygian brewage,
And Mr. JOHN TAYLOR, Churchwarden, describes it as "a volume of putrid sewage."
There is a talk of dead bodies found floating about in it, and although the police discredit it,
We know a report becomes *couleur-de-rose* when officialism gets a chance to "edit" it.
Mr. JOLLY, J. P. of the Local Board, says that danger is undeniable. A JOLLY look-out, with the cholera at our doors! They suggest some remedies as triable;
But though deodorisation may be supplemented by casting lime into the river,
There is something about the whole melancholy business which is calculated to make one shiver.
Meanwhile DANIEL PUTMAN, a carman of Battersea, has been practising the cheerful usance
Of casting into it bullock's offal, which of course is an offal nuisance. They quodded Mr. PUTMAN, with extreme propriety, but the Thames Authorities must have nodded
To allow things to get so, and it's rather a question whether some of them oughtn't to be quodded.
If the Sanitary Panjandrums, and the Conservancy Cockalorums, and the other Big Wigs don't see to it,
Mr. Punch will be suggesting a rather drastic remedy—and it's probable the Public will agree to it!

THE FUTURE OF THE BRITISH TAR.

(Taken from the Journal of One of Them.)

HERE we are, twenty British Sailors cast away on a "tight little island" in middle of Indian Ocean. No arms, and no provisions. It seems there's a miserable savage who calls himself "Rajah" of the place, and who's taken us all captive. Passed last night tied to a tree, with naked inhabitants dancing round me, brandishing knives. Felt uncomfortable—but, thank heaven! British Government won't let us stay here a single day after it hears how we're treated.

Month Later.—Really astonished we're not liberated yet! Rajah says he's very sorry to detain us, but obliged to do it till Dutch Government restores him an old pepper-castor, which they carried off, and forgot to pay for. Five of us have got typhus, and the rest are down with dysentery. Why doesn't English Government do something?

Three Months Later.—English Government has done something! It has, by special intervention of English Consul at Singapore, who's taking our parts, requested Dutch Government to restore pepper-castor. Ten of us still left, and now feel quite hopeful of being liberated in a year or two. Should enjoy this sort of adventure better, however, if Rajah had not removed us—"for change of air," as he pleasantly observes—to a marshy island in a river teeming with malaria and crocodiles, where the thermometer might possibly fall below a hundred-and-sixty in the shade, if there were any shade for it to fall in, only there isn't, except when a tropical thunderstorm bursts, and then we live up to our necks in water for several days.

A Year Afterwards!—Three of us still hold out! Have just had note from Consul at Singapore, saying, "Dutch Government entertaining deepest sympathy, &c., &c., for our position, but cannot admit the right of British Government to interfere, and that no Sovereign State could consent to return pepper-castor under pressure, which constitutes a serious breach of proper diplomatic forms." British Government has, therefore, sent us, by kind leave of the Dutch Government, some tins of biscuits and pickled pork, also some rum, and "hopes the Rajah will remember we're under the joint protection of England and Holland, and be as kind to us as he can." Rajah highly appreciates the rum, so do all his followers. Should make a joke about a really "tight little island," only my surviving comrades are too ill to understand anything. Rajah disgusted at not getting either ransom or pepper-castor. Says he "shall give his men some fine javelin practice to-morrow." Know what that means. Well, I've heard of privilege of being a British subject, but never knew before what a privilege it really is!

"ROBERT" ON GENIUS.

I HAVE often herd, or read, or bin told, as how as Genus is he-red-dyterry and temper she-reddyterry. How far my pussional egsperience gos as regards the latter, domestick dellycassy forbids me to say more than that I thinks it werry posserbil, in fact, very probberbal.

But with regard to the former, I have jest reserved sitch a striking Confurmarshun, if I may use the wurd without hir reverence, as at once settles the pint, and allows it to slide into a Haxiom. I have often bin complemented on my litery style. Brown, who is praps the perfoundest Skoller as we has among all hus Waiters, and wen I says that, I says a lot, BROWN says my style, as regards sharpness and Krispness and cumming to the pint, reminds him werry mutch of SEESIL. In answer to my werry nat'ral engwiry as to who SEESIL might have bin, I learns-as his reel name was JEWLIUS, that he lived near the Collyseum, in the Regent's Park, and, wanting a bit of a change of scen, removed to Littell Britten, near the Post Offis. He was a grate Bilders, but not by no means a Contractor, and bilt the Tower of London on Tower Rill. He soon got tired of Littell Britten, witch don't at all surprize me, as it taynt a place as I shoold choose if I was a grate Bilders and not a numbel Waiter, and went back to the place from wence he came, as the Judge says on some werry disagreeble ocashuns, and was there killed by a Brute of a feller, becos, being become a soger, he nat'rally wanted to henter the King's Own, probably the cracked Regiment of that time of day.

I'm afeard as I'm jest a little wand'ring from my subjeck, but, as the grand Nashunal Song says, "we all do it," so praps I may be egsoused. Well, it seems as this Mr. SEESIL, whose reel name was JEWLIUS, rote a book, full of his adventura, all about as trew I dare say as Barren Munchawson's ditto, and in that book he acshally describes a Victory in three words! Ah! they must ha' bin werry diffrent battels from our terrybel campanes in Egypt! Three words for a victory! why, we should want three pages for a Skurrymish. Well, BROWN says as my style allus reminds him of this three-wurd tellacram, for of course it must ha' bin a tellacram, which run thus, We-Nigh, Wine-I, Why-sigh! which I suppose meant, we got close to 'em, we took some refreshment, and there's nothink to cry about. Well, my yungest boy is a spending his hollerdays at Tunbridge Swells, where werry rich people goes to drink Water when they've bin and drunk too much Wine elsewares, hence its name. He's a werry ansunm boy, rising 8, and, BROWN says, the werry himmage of me, witch in course is nat'ral. Well, he writes to me to hinform me as he went to see the Sports down there, and this is how he discribes his suckess:—"I shide, I hit, and I one, a Coker Nut!"

If I had known, when he was about three munco old, wot a littly Genus he was to be, I should ha' crissend him JEWLIUS SEESIL, and not

ROBERT.

WHEN DOCTORS AGREE?

In these days of universal supply by co-operation it was not to be expected that the Doctors would be long out of it, and now, it seems, there is an enterprising concern afloat for the purpose of supplying everybody who is ailing with the first opinions in the country, at a nominal figure. How the arrangement is to be worked does not transpire, and at first sight it is not quite obvious how, say Sir JAMES PAGET, for instance, whose usual fee at home may be set down at two guineas, will be persuaded to run down cheerfully to Brixton or Bayswater for the modest but more heroic sum of 3s. 6d.

It may be that the sanguine and distinguished Baronet sees his way to putting into some practical shape that picturesque portion of his excellent harangue recently delivered at South Kensington, that represented the medical adviser as a sort of educated Bayard, whose duty and inclination led him chivalrously, but irresistibly, to the rescue of suffering humanity wherever it was to be found. It is something to play such a noble part, when it is played with the skill that can be thrown into it by Sir JAMES, at two guineas a performance, but to fill it at 3s. 6d. would be a still more remarkable and self-sacrificing feat.

Some Doctors are paid badly enough, and some are too often never paid at all. But some, so the grumbling dyspeptics who consult them insist, are very often paid a great deal too much. Be this as it may, a system that will at least pay, if it will not cure everybody even at a moderate figure, deserves a friendly welcome; for the Company that can manage it has the monopoly of a rare secret. To be quite sure that in any real crisis one could instantly call in the renowned Sir JAMES in consultation with Sir WILLIAM GULL and Sir ANDREW CLARK, and get out of the whole thing for about ten-and-sixpence in silver, would invest illness with such a dignity as to make it, if not pleasant, at least entertaining. We hope to hear more of the matter.

A PRECAUTIONARY MEASURE.—On removing from Baker Street to the new premises in Marylebone Road, Madame TISSAND's celebrated figures have all been waxinated.



"THIS PIG WENT TO (MUD-SALAD) MARKET."

SIR JAMES M'GAREL HOGG said, "He had communicated with the Clerk of the STRAND DISTRICT BOARD, AND URGENTLY REQUESTED THAT ATTENTION MIGHT BE PAID TO THE MATTER." GOOD. WE ARE ANXIOUSLY AWAITING THE RESULT OF HIS ROUTING UP THE CLERK. WE HEAR THEY'VE ALREADY BEGUN TO WASH IT DOWN WITH DISINFECTANTS. CHEERS FOR SIR JAMES!

BAKER STREET REDIVIVUS; OR, A 1 ROUND THE CORNER.

It was not to be supposed that such a remarkable event as the departure of the whole of Madame Tussaud's interesting collection from their long-cherished and now historic home in Baker Street, for the purpose of taking up their residence in the new quarters prepared for them in the Marylebone Road, could occur without some



Melting Moments; or, The Waxworks' Last Night in their Old Home.

notice being taken of the matter by the effigies themselves; and on the news getting known, one evening last week, as soon as the last visitor had been turned out, and the door closed behind him, there was a general and excited rush of all the figures, who, jumping off their pedestals, made at once for the centre of the large Hall and clamoured loudly for some further information on the subject. Order having been somewhat restored by the threat of the Russian Giant to hold HENRY THE EIGHTH and one or two more of the more obstre-

THE DUKE OF MUDFORD TO MR. PUNCH.

(Or what we should like to see given as his own Act and Deed.)

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are always complaining about the state of Covent Garden Market and its neighbourhood. You have been at it for some years. Other journals have attacked the subject from time to time, but you, whether by pen or pencil, have never ceased to hold up Covent Garden Market, called by you Mud-Salad Market—a name which, like the mud itself, will stick—to public opprobrium as an abominable nuisance. You have hauled me over the coals, you have come down on me—"poor little Me"—as the person who could set everything right in Mud-Salad Market.

Can I? That is just the question. Wouldn't I do it if I could? There's the point. I am able to offer all my rights for sale, but what are my rights? If there are conditions attached to every lease, if gradually the tenants have acquired rights with which the Ground Landlord cannot interfere, how am I to be called to account, now? If I am powerless, then is there no Superior Force to come to my assistance? I will put the case plainly before the Public (Here should follow the case clearly stated, showing why the whole neighbourhood of Covent Garden Market continues in such a disreputable state, and proving that the Duke is unable to move in the matter, and is unfortunately only a Stick-in-the-Mud-Salad-Market himself. Then the appeal must be made to the highest Court in the Land, and then the nuisance will be justly and summarily dealt with. If left, as at present, to be Hot-mid-summerly dealt with, the consequences may be fatal; and then on whom will fall the blame?)

perous characters in the chandelier until they melted, the Royal Group kindly vacated the principal dais, and requested that Mr. COBBETT, who had been unanimously voted into the Chair, might open the proceedings as quickly as possible.

On rising from his seat, which, as the Chairman pointed out amid some laughter, owing to the fact of his never, so far as he could remember, having been on his legs before, he did with some difficulty, he said he could really give the meeting very little information about the matter before them. (Oh, oh!) He had no doubt but that the Management that had for so many years looked after them and attended to their exhibitional necessities—(cheers)—would at least in making any change not make one for the worse. ("Hear!") As for himself, he owned to having got so associated with Baker Street, that he should feel almost out of place in any other locality, however desirable. He spoke with feeling. He meant no offence, but his position was not like that of those sensational "latest arrivals," who were always dropping in—(laughter)—and getting an advertisement all to themselves in the daily papers to recommend them to the Public. Such new-fangled interlopers might, no doubt, feel at home in the Marylebone Road, and, for the matter of that, anywhere else. (Uproar.)

Mr. BRADLAUGH and "AN ARCTIC EXPLORER," whose name could not be ascertained from the Catalogue, here rose simultaneously, and vehemently protested against the language of the Chairman, the former effigy insisting, with some warmth, that the word "interloper," as applied to him, was a distinctly offensive expression, inasmuch as he considered, as an historic character, who had made a great stir in his time, he had as much right to be there as anybody,—if not more. Archbishop CRANMER: Walker! (Roars of laughter.)

Lord WOLSELEY said, as a new-comer, though by no means enjoying the political friendship of the Junior Member for Northampton, he felt bound to sympathise with his protest. It did not require, he could tell them, three centuries to make a great man. ("Oh, oh!")

Cardinal WOLSEY (pleasantly): Melt him down! (Cheers.) Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT was understood to say he wished that somebody would be kind enough to do him that service, for really he didn't see what business on earth he had there at all. (Loud and prolonged cheering from the Chamber of Horrors.)

CHARLES THE FIRST, rising hurriedly, said that those cheers they had just heard, coming from such an undesirable quarter—(laughter),—suggested to him a very serious question, which perhaps the present



SCHOLARSHIP

Butler (on leaving after his Month's Warning). "THEN I WISH YOU 'BONG SWOR,' MADAM—BUT WHAT'S THE GOOD OF SPEAKING FRENCH TO YOU? YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE!"

Prime Minister of England, who was, he believed, once more perilously increasing the power of the Commons—(cries of "Oh, oh!" and "Read your history!")—could probably inform him. Was it proposed, in the new establishment, to enfranchise that lowest of all Chambers, and admit them in a body into the more distinguished company who filled the larger room?

MR. GLADSTONE (referring to his notes): No, your Majesty. They will not be admitted. (Cheers.) I am in a position to state that the extra charge of sixpence will, as heretofore, be rigorously maintained. (Immense cheering.)

CETEWAYO said he was glad to hear that. It might be compromising to let a lot of savages into the hall—(a laugh)—not that he minded. He had long ago got tired of the British Public, and, to tell the truth, he thought they had by this time got pretty well tired of and forgotten him. ("No, no!") Yes they had. Couldn't he now be melted down like Mr. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT? (Loud laughter.)

General TOM THUMB said he thought he could answer that question in the affirmative. In his long career in that building he had seen much melting down and re-moulding. He had known the material of a distinguished foreign statesman do good service for a period in the murderer's dock, and then finally turn out very useful for the production of a popular divine. (A Voice—"How about colour?")

He was coming to that. The last speaker would furnish an excellent foundation for another distinguished monarch now paying us a visit. He alluded to the Maori king. (Cheers.) There might be a shade or two of difference; but the clever artists employed by the Management would be equal to that. ("Hear, hear!") He would undertake to say that, if necessary, even the "Prisoner of the Bastille," who was not what one might call "the pink of perfection," could be turned to excellent account. (A laugh.) He should not, in the event of there being any re-modelling of certain exalted groups, be surprised to hear that he had been utilised with much effect for a Royal infant or two. (Loud laughter, in which several distinguished personages, looking on at the back, good-humouredly joined.)

The Chairman asked whether anybody else had anything to say to the meeting, as, if not, he should, spite all the cherished associations

of the place, close their proceedings by a vote of thanks to their spirited proprietors, coupled with an expression of their confidence as to the excellence of the arrangements that would be made for them in their new home round the corner. (Cheers.) Since the commencement of the proceedings he had read the announcement in the papers. He had seen that the Hall was one of the finest in England. (Cheers.) He hoped to sit there with his snuff-box and delude provincial and short-sighted people for many a long day. (Loud cheers.)

The Motion was then put by the Chairman, when being seconded by the "Sleeping Beauty," who was, at the suggestion of Paul Pry, courteously awakened for the occasion, it was carried unanimously.

There was finally some little discussion as to who, on so memorable an occasion should, for the short journey, occupy Napoleon's Carriage, and, though HENRY THE EIGHTH'S WIVES urged their claim with considerable energy, it was finally and properly decided that the vehicle should be placed at the disposal of the Crowned Heads of Europe. This offer being graciously accepted, and it being understood that six would get inside, while three would sit on the box, and two manage comfortably on the roof, the proceedings quietly terminated.

A Princely Pun.

It is reported that when H.R.H. was asked to lay the foundation of the Chapel of the (Masonic) Royal Asylum of St. Anne's Society at Redhill, the genial Grand Master at once replied, "I consent most Redhilly." We of course publish this report "with all reserve," but it is one which it is extremely pleasant to believe, and can hardly be considered as one of those "secrets not to be revealed," to which His Royal Highness subsequently referred.

"THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART."—We see this advertised frequently. What does it mean? it sounds dangerous. They've art enough of their own; why give 'em more? Who are the Professors?

THE GRAND ELECTIONEERING GAME.—Polo.

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

(About Other People's Business. "Twelfth Night" at the Lyceum.)

MY DEAR CLAUDIAN WILSON CHATTERTON BARRETT, take my advice, stick to your *Lights of London*, and such like, nay, if you are so bent on it, try your hand at *Hamlet*,—a play which SHAKESPEARE, whose inspiration was not for an age but for all time, must have written with you in his prophetic eye, when he penned the description of the Prince of Denmark, as "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and when he wrote for him those long soliloquies, including the famous instructions to the Players, over which the great Actor-Dramatist must have chuckled heartily,—appear, if you will, as *Hamlet*, I say, but don't let any flattering clique gammon you into playing *Malvolio*. Leave this to HENRY IRVING—and I don't think it will be of much use to him in America, except for an occasional Benefit.

First, as to the Play. When I was about fifteen I saw it performed on the Stage which you now tread with so much classic grace, and was so impressed by the comic portion of it as given by KEELEY as *Sir Andrew*, the prototype of *Bob Acres*, and Mrs. KEELEY as *Maria*,—the two inimitables!—with ADDISON as *Sir Toby*, ALFRED WIGAN light, airy, and gay as the Fool, with snatches of melody, for which he had a charming voice, and MEADOWS dry and quaint as *Malvolio*,—that I have never forgotten it. How the real humour of the play was brought out, and how its true fun was kept up! Every line told. *Malvolio* seemed to be fair game for the Low Comedians, but even then the scene with *Sir Topas* was a dull one.

But now, at the Lyceum, my dear CLAUDIAN, all this is changed; the funny quartette are weak, and more or less bores. The *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, as represented by Mr. WYATT, is simply *Master*



Twelfth Night Characters on the Lyceum Cake.

Slender out of place. He may have been selected for this part, because, once in the piece, *Sir Andrew* has to cut capers, and Mr. WYATT's Girard-like legs, and Gaiety antecedents, naturally suggest certain caper-bilities, which, however, were not of much use when he had a sudden attack of "the jumps." Mr. DAVID FISHER was fussily drunk as *Sir Toby*, and his reading of the part was sufficiently unintelligible to satisfy all the requirements of inebriation. Miss PAYNE began her *Maria* as a sort of comedy lady, but a light dawned on her in the later scenes, and by introducing a little of the First Chambermaid element, she improved the performance. I pitied Mr. CALHAUN as that stupendous nuisance "The Shakespearian Clown!" Wouldn't you, my dear Claudian, have chosen for the part some one who could sing? Of course. But, in truth, all the comic characters suffered from the importance given to *Malvolio*. With this peculiar reading of *Malvolio* (which, I am afraid, will strongly recommend itself to you), the fun of these comic personages vanishes, and, but for the duel with *Casario*,—which could have been just as well managed without them,—they are of no assistance to the plot, such as it is.

And here, my dear WILSON BARRETT, let me boldly say that, if this Comedy had been the work of any modern playwright, say your Mr. JONES for example, you would probably have refused it, as, though well-written in parts, and containing some lovely lines, it is ill-constructed and deficient in interest. Left to itself, it is not a model. But had you seen this imaginary JONES's *Twelfth Night* produced for the first time at the Lyceum with all that HENRY IRVING and ELLEN TERRY, assisted by scene-painters and costumiers, could do for it, you would have granted the excellence of the performance of the leading Actors, and have wondered how any judicious

Manager could possibly have selected such a piece. You wouldn't have had such dull comic stuff, not even with Brother GEORGE BARRETT to enliven it. Oh dear no! Not on any account. Perhaps had one of your talented Authors brought it to you, you might have



A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Ghost of Shakspeare. Will you play *Malvolio* in A-merry-key?

ordered *Malvolio* to be cut down, and the *Duke* written up for yourself, with a few metaphysical soliloquies chucked in, and perhaps a death-scene at the end, when, in a fit of disappointed love and morbid jealousy, he might stab himself with his own dagger. Of course you would have him at once tended by *Viola*, who should declare her extraordinary passion for this second-class Illyrian potentate, and the wound not proving mortal, all might end happily.

The only chance for this play is for the comic personages to be played by the most popular low comedians, at whom the Public are prepared to laugh directly they appear. Now, as Manager TOOLE could not be obtained, PAULTON as *Sir Andrew*, W. HILL as *Sir Toby*, and Mrs. BANCROFT as *Maria*, might have made it what it ought to have been. "But that's all one, the Play is done;" and so now I must tell you what you are dying to know—something about *Malvolio* and *Viola*.

Place aux Dames! Miss ELLEN TERRY is simply charming as *Viola*, and in a few nights—i.e., by the time this letter to you sees the light—she will have got over her first nervousness, and will play that first scene less seriously, remembering that 'tis all a Twelfth Night Masque, nothing more, and that the dramatist never meant us to examine too curiously into the motives of action in this Comedy. Not that the apology would save the unfortunate JONES from severe condemnation had he written such a play nowadays. The spice of burlesque strut, which I have seen the other ELLEN, over the way, Miss NELLIE FARRER, do to perfection as a Masher Prince (with a song of the "I'm all there!" kind), and which Miss ELLEN TERRY throw into her best scene, when, on arriving at the fact that *Olivia* is in love with her, she exclaims, "I am the man!" was one of the few big hits of the evening. It took immediately and immensely. Then her little bit of fun in the duel scene, when she hits *Sir Andrew* on the back and runs away, evoked from a highly-cultivated first-night audience such a roar of laughter, as showed that, with all its taste for Art (with a capital A), they were ready to gratefully recognise and thoroughly appreciate the introduction of an ancient piece of comic business with which all playgoers have been familiar since they saw their first pantomime.

But, you will say, impatiently, how about HENRY IRVING's *Malvolio*? Well now, my dear WILSON BARRETT, do you honestly think it a good part? No, you don't;—and you're right.

Good enough in its proper place in the piece, no doubt, but when emphasised, developed, and elevated by an eminent tragedian holding such a position as does the Manager of the Lyceum, to a height of tragic melodrama, then *Malvolio* is no longer the middle-aged, conceited, puritanical donkey who is a fair butt for the malicious waiting-maid, two stupid sots, and a professional Fool, but he becomes at once a grave and reverend signior, a Grand Duchess's trusted Major Domo, faithfully discharging the duties of which he has an exaggerated opinion, and the very last person to be the subject of an idiotic practical joke, the stupidity of which is intensified by its wanton cruelty. And in the end he gains the public sympathy for his sufferings, just as *Shylock* does.

That you will think his performance admirable, I am sure; so do I, but *à quoi bon*? Everyone will flock to see IRVING as *Malvolio*, and ELLEN TERRY as *Viola*, and to marvel at the wonderful likeness of *Master TERRY*, as *Sebastian*, to his sister. They will be repaid by the acting of these three characters,—for *Master TERRY* is really very good, considering how difficult it must be for him to be brought into comparison with his own sister,—and by the gorgeous mounting and the *mise-en-scène* of the piece.

Poor Mr. TERRISS as the Dummy Duke! What a Duke! I saw

a bundle of magnificent robes lying on a sofa, and presently, when the robes began to move, out came a head, and then a couple of little legs, and then two little arms, for all the world like a garden-tortoise



Front and Back View of Mr. Terriss as the Duke.

getting into motion, and, finally, when the robes sat up, I made out with much pleasure the striking lineaments of the graceful and talented Mr. TERRISS.

The Scenic Artists have done their work well. Of course they conscientiously made their sketches on the spot. The climate of Illyria is evidently as treacherous as that of Nice, or Cannes, as, during the day, the action takes place in the full blaze of a tropical Sun, while at night, within *Olivia's* hall, *Sir Toby* and *Sir Andrew* are carousing before a roaring old-fashioned log-fire, in a comfortable old-fashioned chimney-corner. *Malvolio*, coming from his room in his *robe-de-chambre*, looking like *Don Quixote* in dishabille, runs great risk of catching a severe cold. By the way, this eccentric costume makes *Sir Toby's* pointed allusion to his Steward's chain of office go for nothing. An oversight.

"*Twelfth Night*: or, *What You Won't—go to see twice*" might be the title of the newly-revived piece. But previous to production it ought to have been re-christened *Melancholy Malvolio*: or, *The Cruel Hoax and the Regular Cell*. First two Acts: Among the Trees—Getting up the Hoax. Third Act: View of the Regular Cell. Last Act: Revenge! Despair!! Such a programme, if there were to be any change at all, would have been more in accordance with the eccentric nature of a piece, in which the author, whenever the situation inclines towards being serious, drops into rhyme, as *Silas Wegg* did into poetry, and which was evidently written to suit the peculiarities of certain members of the company.

You are a Manager, so you must manage to go and see this, and trust to your old friend

NIBBS.

GAME PROSPECTS.

AFTER reading Mr. BERNARD BECKER's article on Gamemastering in the *Fortnightly*, and Mr. ALFRED RAPIER WATSON's article on it in the *Sporting and Dramatic*, we are at a loss—(as we should probably be if we played with them)—to understand why both these literary Gentlemen, so learned in the art of "punting,"—we mean the amusement which has nothing to do with the river, but a good deal with the banks,—should still condescend to earn any portion of their livelihood by using their pen instead of realising a handsome fortune by occasional visits to Monaco, or any other famed spot where *trente-et-quarante* and the gay roulette are yet in full swing.

Both experts quote, with evident admiration, the exploits of the great GARCIA, who, after most notable successes at *trente-et-quarante*, retired to a Monastery, and became a monk of La Trappe,—which sounds very appropriate. Is this the end of all men with a "system"? If so, Messrs. BERNARD BECKER and ALFRED RAPIER WATSON will probably retire to La Grande Chartreuse, and when we next pay a visit to that hospitable Monastery, we shall be welcomed by the jovial *Sommelier Brother Bernard Becker-my-neighbour*, who will send his assistant *Lay Brother, or Lay Six-to-four-Brother Alfred What's-on*, to fetch us a bottle of *Chartreuse jaune*, licensed to be drunk on the premises. What good stuff it will be, and, like the farmer who, on seeing the Curaçoa handed in liqueur glasses, observed that he would "take some o' that in a moog," we will call for a goblet, and take some o' that in a Becker. Interesting and amusing that gambling article in the *Fortnightly*.

ARABIA INFELIX.—The Soudan.

A CHANT FOR CHAMPAGNE.

[At a recent sale there was a noticeable advance in the price of Champagnes, the older wines being especially dear.]



Darby Pommery '75 to Joan Ditto '74.

"Let us blend."

While the straw-coloured wine of the swift-flowing Rhine
Every Teuton is certain to please.
There is value we know in the wines of Bordeaux,
Though Madeira may come at your call;
While some folks like Moselle, there's one wine bears the bell,
And Champagne is the best of them all.

We shall see little more of the fine 'Seventy-four,
Which too speedily came to an end;
Though the wine-merchant vow he can give you it now,
He is certain to offer a blend.
When it's still to be had, what a price 'tis, egad!
E'en the plutocrat shrinks to behold
All the length of the bill for the tippie he'll swill,
It's like drinking a glassful of gold.

They are hard-up, they say, all the swells of to-day,
And retrenching is quite in their line,
But it certainly seems that Champagne flows in streams,
When the youths of the period dine.
It may cream up so clear, but it's terribly dear,
As they find when they happen to pay;
But no matter what price, put a magnum in ice,
For Champagne is the wine of the day!

FILL your glasses, my
Boys! it will add to
your joys,
And no doubt to the
wine-merchant's gain,
Of all wines 'tis the first,
see the bubbles that
burst
On a beaker of sparkling
Champagne.
It may give you the gout;
but away with the
doubt,
For the doctors have
differed, we know;
So fill up to the brim, let
it flash to the rim,
And in torrents unceasingly
flow.

Though your Claret and
Port may be good of
their sort,
And at Burgundy men
seldom sneeze,

NATURAL HISTORY NOTE.—The *Daily Telegraph*, in its account of Agricultural Prospects, recently informed us of the appearance of a new sort of insect, called the "Turnip Flea." These fleas evidently belong to a set that have recently become Vegetarians; but, true to their instincts, they have selected for food the only vegetable where they can get their favourite nip. The *genus* flea, as a rule, is not a Teetotaller, being given to much "nipping," but this new species is inclining towards Temperance as well as Vegetarianism, for it limits its nips to three, and hence the adoption of the title the "Ter-nip Flea." Well, we live in strange times, and may soon have some novelty to report in answer to the first line of the old Wattsian hymn, "How doth the little busy B.?" We sincerely hope he's doing badly, but the Seaside Lodging-house Season approaches, and then—but, "O, no; we never mention 'em!" and "you must ha' brought 'em with you in your boxes!" Natural History will repeat itself.

MADAME SARA BERNHARDT has not succeeded in drawing the London Public with *Lady Macbeth*. It aroused only a languid interest in a few indefatigable theatre-goers. Others said that in this tropical heat they preferred gardens, Crystal Palace, and the river. The temperature was against SARA; a few more nights of it, and of the French Actress's *Lady Mac*, and the Gaiety would have been known in the Map of London as the Desert of the Great Sahara.

AT A SOIRÉE.—*Distinguished Admirer*. "Really, Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, as President of the Royal Academy and Representative of English Art, might well be as proud as a peacock." *Sir R-b-rt P-l*. "Say Turkey; or why not Leighton-Buzzard at once?"



WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

The Captain. "OH, BOTHER MOTHERS AND CHILDREN! WHY DON'T YOU DRAW FUNNY PEOPLE! THERE'S LOTS OF THEM ABOUT."
Our Artist. "FUNNY PEOPLE! WAIT A BIT. I'LL SHOW YOU ANOTHER."

Our Artist (producing with pride another design). "IS THIS FUNNY ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

[*The Sequel is too terrible for illustration. Our Artist is still in Bed.*]

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE!"

NOBLESSE oblige! To read that obligation
 Demands some little wisdom, good my Lords;
 Of which the act that here finds illustration
 But insufficient evidence affords.
 Wisdom, hereditary wisdom, verily,
 Is your proud boast; but at the haughty claim
 The Mentors of the Mob are mocking merrily,—
 And whose the blame?

Not at the mouth of this particular cannon
 The bubble reputation should be sought.
 You plume yourself this puerile poor plan on?
 Well, there's a biggish battle to be fought.
 Beware of entrance in that quarrel headily,
 Or only pantomimically armed!
 By "properties" your foe will not be readily
 Checked or alarmed.

Foolish! You might as well oppose artillery
 With popguns, or a battery confront
 With serried lines of cork-propelling Sillery,
 As of that battle think to bear the brunt
 With mere insignia however splendid.
 Time-honoured privilege too bold and brisk
 May find superfluous parade attended
 With needless risk.

"Be bold—be bold—be not too bold!" The adage
 Might give "our old nobility" a hint.
 Ours—in your view—is a subversive mad age,
 And doctrines strange appear in speech and print.
 Defiance rash means but acceleration
 Of the inevitable, footing slow;
 There's a little "noble" in the infatuation
 That courts the blow.

That silent cannon holds tremendous forces,
 As yet untested because unprovoked,
 Which to restrain would tax the best resources
 Of patient wit with prudent vigour yoked.
 But haughty pride plus fatuous futility
 Are ineffective substitutes indeed,
 Unworthy of all masculine Nobility
 Of British breed.

Noblesse oblige! But not to bumptious folly
 Or tricky sophistry, or scheme inept.
 That gun, if once its silent charge forth volley,
 Will not be stayed or from full action kept
 By muzzle-blocking coronet. A queer age?
 Perhaps, and demagoguery is a pest:
 But 'tis not that will write upon the Peerage
Delenda est!

A HINT IN TIME.—Cannot Mr. SHAW LE FEVRE do something towards clearing Mud Salad Market and its tributary streets? and also such minor nuisances as the Mud Salad Market Junior in Goodge Street (leading out of Tottenham Court Road into Mortimer Street), which is getting worse and worse daily, rendering that ill-paved thoroughfare dangerous for man and beast? If Mr. SHAW LE FEVRE can't do this, and much else, London's next First Commissioner of Works will be Mr. SURE-lee-FEVRE! Mr. Punch presents his compliments, and hopes to see this suggestion attended to,—by somebody.

NOUVEAU SERVICE RAPIDE!—The L. C. & D. Line is going it—"To Paris and Back"—and not a farce by any means. The easy hour of 10 A.M. for departure, and the pleasant hour of seven for arrival in Paris. Dinner at eight. Keep it going, Mr. Chairman; and with your *Invicta* and *Calais-Douvres*, bring it to starting at ten, and arriving at six. Also keep the Channel well oiled.



“NOBLESSE OBLIGE!!”

THE TOWN.

No. VI.—FLEET STREET.

GRUB Street is glorified! No longer Wits—
If wit may live in these diffuse dull days—



Cringe to contemptuous Lords or
greasy Cits,
With hireling panegyrics shame
the bays,
Or dwell in dread of cudgels, hun-
ger, writs.
Fleet Street is not Parnassus, but
the lays
Of bright Apollo charm the average
reader
Less than the Special's chat, the
Thunderer's leader.

His morning paper seems the mir-
ror'd world
To BUMPUS. BUMPUS is a Cook-
ney true,
And something big in carpets. Fair
unfurled
At breakfast to his comprehen-
sive view,

The printed broadsheet seems with wisdom pearly;
He scans it systematically through,
The ponderous sense of leader, speech, and summary,
The frothy verbiage, and the graphic flummery.

Frank Party man is BUMPUS, loud and hot,
Liking his daily leader hot and loud:
His broad face glows at every smashing shot
Which bares a Statesman's conscience to the crowd,
Paints him as shaper of the shameless plot,
As brainless bungler, or as catiff cowed.
He deems the crude invective wise and witty,
And quotes it as *his* view throughout the City.

And he who writes it? WHITGIFT, bland B.A.,
Scholar, and minor Poet. He can pen
Sweet reasonableness, trill the genial lay,
Why should he rudely bludgeon public men,
Set snarling sophistries in smart array,
To tickle BUMPUS? Bibulous *Big Ben*,
The sham Bohemian hack, such work may suit,
But can sweet Culture yield this crabbed fruit?

Almighty Press—or, if not quite all-mighty,
At least, like Love and Mammon, nearly so,—
What censor-cynic so austere or flighty
As to condemn thy glorious Mission? No!
Sage as Athené, fair as Aphrodité,
The nymph divine of Fleet Street and the Row;
Only her votaries, spite of high abilities,
Do perpetrate such abject imbecilities!

What BURKE to party yielded WHITGIFT lacks
Large thought and moving eloquence; but he
Holds at the call of sciolists and quacks
No little knowledge and much fluency;
Yet who amidst the herd of party hacks
Drops reason, fairness, magnanimity,
More utterly when in the wordy war
He scalps a foeman in some scurril "par"?

BUMPUS applauds. So half St. Stephens' roars
When some port phraser points the pungent lie.
What matter truth or taste so smartness scores?
Illogic spiced with personality
Pleases the manyheaded; reasoning bores
The daily dupes of rattling fallacy.
Reason's surrender must be full and hearty
In the pen-wielding champion of Party.

Oh, for a true foolometer to gauge
The grades of imbecility! Sweet Science
Supply us,—'twere the treasure of the age—
With some unerring physical appliance
For measuring senseless Wit and stupid Sage!
A right mind-metre worthy man's reliance
Could surely register no lower level
Than that where Party scribes in nonsense revel.

Fleet Street would flame in leonine defence
Of London's Press, which all agree to flatter;

Our Argus, keen, ubiquitous, immense,
Has earned a fame that Satire cannot shatter,
But must postprandial magniloquence,
A Premier's clap-trap or a Princeling's chatter,
Shield from cool Sense's searching scrutiny
Thrasonic "We" or egotistic "I"?

WHITGIFT prefers the regal plural, mask
'Neath which nonentity assumes to speak
The Nation's mind, and boldly take to task
Its chosen leaders. Like the showman's squeak,
It makes all voices equal; few will ask
Whose breath through Punchinello breathes, or seek
To know or weigh the smart-tongued special pleader
Who thunders through the loud Olympian leader.

Not so brisk EGOMET. His bustling wit
In the first person singular chiefly glories;
It points the personality of a hit,
And lends a pungency to slanderous stories.
With bold familiarity he'll dit
Midst courts and country houses. Whigs and Tories,
Statesmen and Social Stars, abide his scrutiny.
'Tis curious that his victims should not mutiny.

Pistols and cudgels are not now good form,
And peaceful souls distrust the law of slander;
So EGOMET may ride a social storm.
Yet that our glorious Press should play the pander
To quidnunc pruriency might almost warm
The ire of that sleek Gallio, St. GERMANDER,
Of style so sweet, of sympathies so scanty;
Bland Euphuus of our new *poco curanti*.

To be *tutoyer'd* by smart EGOMET
Is—what is it? Did not the verdict vary,
Were vanity not so vulgar, scorn would whet,
Spite of indifference and *nil admirari*,
Some weapon keen to cut the cunning net,
Where, meshed with insolence adroit and airy,
Society's lions now are made a show,
Like Mars and Venus, to base gods below.

Say that the lions like it, that the crowd
Pay freely for the privilege! Some at least
Still reverence sacred privacy, too proud
To pose before the many-headed beast,
Publish their loves, repeat their prayers aloud,
Admit the mob to marriage, funeral, feast.
'Tis not yet every Englishman's first hope
To advertise his wife, like stays or soap.

Wherefore, oh sovereign and all-seeing Press,
It scarce befits your kingship, one would say,
Tattler to play to high-perched pettiness,
Or to exploit home-privacy for pay.
Blow-flies of literature snatch short success.
The cackler's carrion-taste may have its day;
But Argus suffers shame who lends an eye
To the degraded function of Paul Pry.

Fleet Street, not sweeping censure only sums
Thy manifold activities! Through thee
The yearly thickening crush of Commerce hums:
But 'midst its mazes moving silently,
Encumbered with whatever dregs and scums,
A quickening tide has course assured and free,
Without whose flow through all the Nation's ways
Wealth is a curse, Art a corrupting craze.

AN ÆSTHETIC BUTTONS.—The progress of art-education in Eng-
land may be exemplified by the following Advertisement from the
Daily News:—

YOUTH-ARTIST WANTED as MESSENGER and Office-keeper,
with opportunities for study in Art.—Address, &c.

Whether the combination of Art and servitude would be satisfac-
tory, we are somewhat inclined to doubt. An æsthetic Buttons might
be all very well; but if you sent him in a hurry for a Cab, and he
kept you waiting while he studied effects of cloud-shadows, or made
sketches of the Cabman, you would possibly be very angry. And if
he became a poet, it would be worse. Imagine him inditing rondeaux,
villanelles, and triplets, when he ought to be cleaning knives, polish-
ing boots, and "answering the door,"—but, no—the thought is too
dreadful!

CRICKETY AND POLITICAL (in view of Provincial speech-making
in the *Recess*).—What puts the country out? When somebody
"stumps" it.



AT "LORD'S."

(It is always well to be well-informed.)

Clara (pointing to the Umpires). "WHO ARE THE TWO MEN IN BILLYCOCK HATS AND WHITE COATS?"

Matilda. "OH, DON'T YOU KNOW! THOSE ARE THE HEAD MASTERS OF ETON AND HARROW!"

OUR INSANE-ITARY GUIDE TO THE HEALTH EXHIBITION.

PART VI.—THE FAIRYLAND "GLIMPSES."

THE most recent development of the "Healthies' movement" has taken the shape of a series of glimpses of Fairyland, to be enjoyed any time between 8.30 P.M. and 1 A.M., on certain nights set apart for the purpose. The first of these delights came off on Wednesday the 9th inst., and was unquestionably most successful.

It appears that the Council of the Society of Arts and the Executive Council of the Health Exhibition "arranged for a *conversazione* to be held" on the date above specified. It is almost to be regretted that no painting was made of the "arrangement," as the *tableau* would have had distinct historical value. The Joint Committees, in the circular accompanying their kind cards of invitation, informed their guests "that most of the exhibitors had undertaken to keep their stalls open, and those of them who had machinery in motion had agreed to keep it running" for the occasion. It is a pity that the good-hearted Committees were obliged to say "most," as the word shows that some of "those having machinery in motion" must have proved obdurate, and sternly refused to play any more. It is certain that the Duke of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, K.G., Chairman of the E.C.I.H.E., and Sir FREDERICK ABEL, C.B., D.C.L., F.R.S., Chairman of the C.S.A., must have used their best efforts to secure unanimity, and a touching incident might have been introduced into the proposed painting, in the shape of these two illustrious men tearfully, but vainly imploring a churlish exhibitor to "continue the movement" of some enormous and intricate steam-engine of which he, the churlish exhibitor, was unfortunately the proprietor. The circular continued that the hosts of the evening had arranged that "light refreshments, including tea, coffee, ices, fruit, &c., should be provided at Buffets in different parts of the building." The definition of "light refreshments" as including something more than a display of electric illumination, showed that the Councils were determined that no one should be able to accuse them of practical joking, and to emphasise their objection to "sells" of all sorts, they added that "no refreshments of any kind will be allowed to be sold."

The "arrangements" included other benefits to the invited. We were told

that the Chinese Commissioner "had been good enough to arrange for the supply of tea to the visitors in the Restaurant." This display of generosity on the part of the Imperial Government of Peking must have kindled a spirit of charitable emulation in the breasts of other assisters in the show, for the circular informed us that "many of the exhibitors of articles of food had kindly consented to supply the same free of charge." And well was the promise kept. It certainly was no fault of many of those "kind" exhibitors if any of the visitors left the building without consuming an unlimited quantity of tea, soup, chocolate drops, sugared almonds, (hot from the machine), essence of beef, American drinks, mustard, aerated waters, strawberries, furniture polish, ginger beer, plate-powder, and a foreign liquor, which, I was informed just in time, tasted like very beautiful black draught. But of course the consumption of these toothsome articles of food was merely a detail in the evening's entertainment.

The duties of the reception (which commenced at half-past eight) were shared by His Grace and Sir FREDERICK. In a recess near these two distinguished Chairmen were the Band of the German Cuirassiers. It was obvious, after a visit to the grounds, why these talented Teutonic warriors had been placed far away from the giddy throng in the Gardens. The two kiosks were occupied by our own Grenadiers and the First Regiment of the French Engineers, who played away under two magnificent "gas devices," containing the arms of the neighbouring countries to which they (the bandmen) respectively belonged. Had the Germans been allowed to stray away to their old quarters in the Eastern Kiosk, they would have come in contact with their Gallic foes, and a premature and unrehearsed representation of *la revanche* might possibly have been the result. So the Duke and the Doctor of Civil Law kept the Cuirassiers close beside them, so to speak, under their eyes, and a possibly unpleasant incident was prevented. No doubt his Grace, with ready tact, had persuaded the Germans that, in their white flannels and top-boots, "they looked quite cool and summery" and "served as an excellent substitute for a trophy of block ice." Be this as it may, the Soldiers of Bismarck were conspicuous by their absence in the Gardens until towards midnight, when I fancy I noticed one white-coated silver-helmeted bandman stealthily "making faces" at a fat French Engineer, while the latter was energetically engaged in playing chords on a double bass as his particular contribution to a spirited rendering of the "Hurrah Galop."

In the grounds, or rather "Old London," we found the Royal Criterion Handbell Ringers and Glee Singers. These talented Gentlemen (five or six in number) were seated round a table in a gallery of one of the venerable houses composing the street just mentioned. They wore evening-dress and the regulation stove-pipe hats. In front of them were a number of bells, just visible under the dim light of a candle-illuminated lantern. Suddenly one of them seized a couple of bells, and commenced the "*Bric-à-brac Polka*." His neighbour immediately followed suit, and in a minute the whole band were in full peal. One smiled, another frowned, a third was seemingly lost in a reverie, and the others were either gay or grave. The general demeanour of the ringers was one of combined conciliation and defiance; perhaps, on the whole, bellicose.

But the attraction of the night was "*God Save the Queen*," played in several different keys all at once by the Chinese Band. This was vociferously encored two or three times. The National Anthem was received with roars of laughter. Suspicious this. *Could these Chinese Musicians be Irish Fenians disguised?* Detectives, shut your ears, but keep your eyes open. It remains but to be said that the *fête* of the 9th, with its delightful walks and music and illuminations, was simply charming. Nothing could have been pleasanter. It is announced that the entertainment is to be shortly repeated, in aid of the Funds of the London Hospitals. If this be the case, perhaps it would be advisable to dispense with the gratuitous distribution of articles of food, otherwise the charitable institutions singled out for benefit would run the risk of gaining as many additional patients as supplementary half-guineas.

AN EARLSWOOD PRIZE ESSAY. — On the Process of Evolution as exemplified in the Creation of Peers.



SENSE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, July 7.—Toots on the twirl again. Promised at Question Time to move the Adjournment, "in order to discuss matter of urgent public interest, namely, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN." Toots had counted his forty before they stood up. JOSEPH GILLIS, who still stands firm by him, promised his aid. But JOEY B. and Mr. Toots, though important personages, do not numerically rank as forty. Accordingly Motion for Adjournment did not come off.

"It's of no consequence, I assure you," said Mr. Toots, when asked why he did not move Adjournment as promised.

Later on, Motion to discharge Order for Second Reading of the Merchant Shipping Bill. T. came out again, but a little vulgar in his style. Afraid he's forgotten the lessons learned at Dr. Blimber's. Been too much with the Game Chicken of late. Even now G. C. accommodated with seat in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, where he sucks end of thick knob-stick, and steadily glares at Lord EBRINGTON, under impression that he's CHAMBERLAIN.

"Ave told you afore," he said, glumpily, to Mr. T., as he escorted him home. "You've got to let me ave five minutes with that CHAMBERLING. I'll move his Amendment, I'll scuttle his Merchant Ship, I'll teach him who's who in 1884. Only say the word, Mister."

"No, Chicken," said Mr. Toots, wiping his spectacles. "It's not Parliamentary. Besides, it's of no consequence. My sarcasm hurts him more than your knob-stick would. Saw him writhe to-night when I delicately mentioned sorews."

House of Lords assembled to arrange for its own extinction. Full House; fair Ladies; several Royal Princes. On the whole not particularly lively. Sort of pall hangs over place. CAIRNS certain to carry his Motion, and throw out Franchise Bill; but to look at both sides and hear speeches, would imagine it was the Liberals that were sure of victory. CAIRNS made serious speech in solemn manner.

"Mistake to say Conservatives do not like extension of franchise," he says; "nothing we yearn after more. Particularly admire this Bill. Only we don't mean to let it pass. We don't in the least dissemble our love. That would be insincere. But we kick the Bill downstairs."

DUKE OF ARGYLL spread himself all over the premises like a cock slightly mixed in its mind as to its precise relations towards a brood of chickens. Patronised Liberals, warned Conservatives, implored them to watch how he bore himself and how he would vote. House full at outset, but grew a little tedious at the dinner-hour, from which condition it did not recover. Business done.—Army Estimates in Commons. Franchise Bill in Lords.

Tuesday.—A fair scene in House of Lords as chimes of midnight came softly through the open windows. Red benches on floor of House usually empty now crowded. Half House of Commons here filling Galleries over Clock and crowding the Bar. Privy Councillors packed in dense mass behind rails in front of Throne. No room for Party lines. Tory Lion lying down with Radical Lamb, both wishing for little more space. HARTINGTON looking on from back of crowd with stolid expression. Even House of Lords deliberately entering upon conflict with the people can't disturb his equanimity. NORTH-COTE shrinking in a corner trembling at SALISBURY's temerity. GLADSTONE, literally crushed with night-long eloquence in other House on Government of London, stands on very threshold of Peers' sanctum. One step and he might enter and take his well-earned rest. Prefers to stop outside, and so lingers on outskirts of crowd, humbly seeking support from Bishop's Bench. Curiously different in look here and in the Commons. There, however worn and weary, always preserves attitude of watchful command; here he stands limp and unrecognised, thankful only that noble Lords passing to and fro do not trample on him.

Quite different with HARCOURT. Secured front place in the snugger of Privy Councillors, and, head and shoulders taller than the rest, looks on softly smiling to himself.

"I suppose I must come here, TOBY, some day," he said. "Rather a bore. But you'll see I'll make 'em sit up." From the galleries that flank the House bright eyes rain influence. The Peeresses have come down dressed all in their best, and jewels flash and sparkle along the double line. LABBY, sitting in the last seat nearest Peeresses, has a now and weirdly pensive expression under the electric flash of Lady SALISBURY's diamonds as she turns and looks upon him with curious interest. Notable that LABBY is in evening dress, a rare concession to what ONSLOW calls "lay conveniences."

"True," he said, when I mentioned this interesting little circumstance. "I am not given much to dress. But this is a remarkable occasion. When House of Lords solemnly and deliberately dedicate themselves to self-destruction, least I can do is to put on a white choker."

Speech of evening, in truth of debate, Lord ROSEBURY's. Had a triumph the other night on motion for reforming House. To-night's effort better still. Higher style all round; sufficient if it were a first and last speech to make a parliamentary reputation. A little too sedulous in attention to notes. Quite strong enough to throw away corks, or to use them less frequently. In a speech full of point, absolutely the best was impromptu. BRADBOURNE been up, whining about hard fate that led him always into Lobby in opposition to the Ministry that had tossed him a Peerage.

"Never gave a vote with more pain," he said, mopping his eyes. "Closed the door against two millions unenfranchised. Boo-hoo-oo!"

Must do it. Duty first, and natural affection afterwards. But so painful."

"Surprised at fresh anguish of Noble Lord," said ROSEBURY. "Thought he'd have got used to it by this time. Since he has always voted against the Government from day he got his Peerage, his coronet must be to him a crown of thorns."

Wednesday.—GRANVILLE speaking when night lapsed in morning. SALISBURY been disappointing, GRANVILLE not exhilarating. In truth the Division's the thing, and nothing new to be said. House more crowded than ever. Sham Debate on Government of London Bill in Commons died out, and more Members pushing in to see the Division. Poet Laureate entered, looking picture of depression.

"Cheer up, ALFRED," I said to him. "It'll soon be over, and you haven't to speak."

"It's not that," he said, forlornly holding out a Nineteenth-Century hat. "It's this that weighs me down. Haven't worn a thing like that for over fifty years. Was told I must put it on to come down to-night. Don't know what to do with it. If I put it on, makes head ache; if I take it off, I lean up against it, or sit on it, or find my feet in it. Then always brush the nap wrong way. How do you fellows remember which way nap goes? Fancy it doesn't go the same way on all hats. Look here. New this morning."

Certainly a bad-looking hat under circumstances; but no one, except Lord HARDWICKE, would notice it.

"Shall drop it out of carriage-window on way home," TENNYSON said, with gleam of old life in his sad eyes.

Funny to see him holding it during GRANVILLE's speech, as if it were some strange animal; not sure wouldn't bite or scratch.

Quarter-past One Division called. Quarter-of-an-hour later all over. Franchise Bill rejected by Majority of 59 in House of 351 Members. LABBY chuckled, and rubbed his hands. The brow of the Markiss grew black as a thunder-cloud.

"Fifty-nine!" he muttered, between clenched teeth, "and our normal majority against GLADSTONE is 120. This is a pretty beginning in July. What will it be in October?"

Thursday.—On Tuesday SALISBURY played check to Franchise Bill. Next move with GLADSTONE. Played it to-night in crowded House. All Bills thrown overboard; Session forthwith wound up. Meet again in October and give Lords another chance. PREMIER announces all this in quietest tone. Quite disgusts RANDOLPH, who had thought better of him.

"Believed he'd go on the rampage," he said, talking the matter over afterwards. "would defy SALISBURY and all his works, challenge Peers to mortal combat and give us a lively half-hour. Instead of that avoids all mention of Lords. Sets forth business programme in calm matter-of-fact way. Thought better of him than this."

RANDOLPH does his best to make up average. Storms at DILKE for alleged misquotation. DILKE replies. During his speech RANDOLPH almost as much on feet as DILKE, shouting, gesticulating, contradicting, and showing admiring House how GLADSTONE ought to have conducted himself.

Row going forward, Irish Members of course step in; bring up the Cornwall case; pursue Ministers with questions.

"You've got your verdict; ruined your man," I said to O'BRIEN. "Wouldn't it be more decent, not to talk of generosity; to leave the pursuit to others?"

"Ah, TOBY, me boy," said O'BRIEN, "you don't understand the chivalry of Irish nature as represented on these Benches. I've got him down as you say, and I mean to torture him—to death if he can't hold out."

Began business at Half-past Ten. Vote for salaries and officials of House of Lords. LABBY wants to stop payment.

"Let the Lords put their own coats on and find their own sticks," he says, in his fine frank way. "If they have to bring up the coals themselves in winter, open the windows in summer, cook their own chops, carry the mace to and fro on their own shoulders, sweep the floor, dust the benches, and fetch and carry their own papers and letters they'll thankfully accept abolition."

Business done.—Two Votes in Civil Service Estimates agreed to.

Friday.—Tremendous row in both Houses. GLADSTONE said that SALISBURY had said wouldn't discuss Franchise Bill with rope round his neck. Of course not. Why should he? Might be useful when he wanted to pull himself together to make speech. But scarcely necessary, and most unusual. Markiss led row himself in Lords, RANDOLPH obliging in Commons.

"Very good," said CHARLES RUSSELL, taking another pinch of snuff on strength of it. "Very clever. Quite smart. The Markiss gets into difficulties with his own side for not communicating compromise to them. So gets up row in both Houses to draw off attention from himself by attacking GLADSTONE." Business done.—None.

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